

1841

Old Sexton

Henry Russell

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219
THIRD EDITION.

THE OLD SEXTON.



*"I gather them in... and their final rest,
Is here, down here on the earth's dark breast."*

WORDS BY
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Music composed and respectfully dedicated to
WILLIAM BABCOCK, ESQ.
BY
HENRY RUSSELL.

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THE OLD SEXTON.

QUASSI ALLEGRO.

gra

gra

gra

Nigh to a grave that was new - ly made Leaned a Sexton old on his

Staccato. *colla voce.*

earth worn spade His work was done and he paused to wait The

fun' - ral train through the o - pen gate A relic of by-gone

days was he And his locks were white as the foa - my sea - And

these words came from his lips so thin I gather them in I

gather them in . . . gather gather gather

gather them in . . .

I gather them in! for man and boy Year after year of

grief and joy I've builded the houses that lie a-round In

ev' - ry nook of this bu - rial ground Mother and daughter

father and son Come to my sol - i - tude, one by one - But

come they strangers or come they kin I gather them in

gather them in gra gather gather

gather I gather them in.....

3

Many are with me but still I'm alone
 I'm king of the dead—and I make my throne
 On a monument slab of marble cold
 And my sceptre of rule is the spade I hold
 Come they from cottage or come they from hall
 Mankind are my subjects— all, all, all
 Let them loiter in pleasure, or toilfully spin—
 I gather them in! I gather them in!

4

I gather them in—and their final rest
 Is here down here in the earth's dark breast
 And the sexton ceased—for the funeral train
 Wound mutely o'er that solemn plain
 And I said to my heart—when time is told
 A mightier voice than that sexton's old
 Will sound o'er the last trump's dreadful din—
 I gather them in! I gather them in!

